

THE ARIZONIAN.

A Sad Farewell.

Fare the well—we part forever!
All regrets are now in vain!
Fate decrees that we must sever,
Ne'er on earth to meet again.
Other skies will bend above thee,
Other hearts may seek thy shrine,
But no other e'er will love thee
With the constancy of mine.
Yet farewell—we part forever!
All regrets are now in vain!
Fate decrees that we must sever,
Ne'er on earth to meet again.
Fare the well!

Like the shadows on the dial!
Lingers still our parting kiss!
Life has no severer trial,
Death no pang to equal this.
All the world is now before thee,
Every clime to roam at will
But within the land that bore thee,
One fond heart will love thee still.
Yet farewell—we part forever!
All regrets are now in vain,
Fate decrees that we must sever,
Ne'er on earth to meet again.
Fare the well!

Forget Me Not.

Forget me not—what tender feeling
These simple, gentle words impart,
Absence and love at once revealing,
They sadden while they soothe the heart.
Forget me not—whatever woes
In life's precarious path beset me,
They'll soften, when affection knows
That these I love do not forget me.

The Free Lovers.

Artemus Ward, the droll showman, who is extensively known throughout Ohio and Indiana, writes to the Cleveland Plaindealer an account of his visit to the Free Love settlement at Berlin Heights, Ohio:

"I hear I am at Berlin hites among the Free Lovers. I arrive hear last Toosday and bitterly do I miss the day I ever set foot in this retched place. I hear tell of those Free Luvins for sum time & I thwat ide cum and see what kind of critters they was. I pitch mi tent in a field near the Lav Kare, as they call it & unfolded mi banner to the breeze. Bimeby the peple kommensed fur to pore into mi show & I began fur to knoggratulate myself on doin a stuvin business. But they ware an onery lookin set, I must say. The mens faces was all kovered with hare, & they looked hart starved to deith. The wimmin was war the men. They wore trowsis, short gownds, and straw hats with fadid green ribbons onto them, & they all kerrid bloo kotton umbrellers in there hands. Bimebi a perfectly orful lookin femalle presentid herself to the dore. Her gownd was skanderlady short & her trowsers was shameful to behold. Sez she, 'Ar, kind it be? yes, tis troo, O tis trool!' Sez i, '15 sens, marm.' Sez she, 'I so ive found you at larst—at larst, O at larst.' Sez i, 'yes, you has found me at larst, & yu wood have found me at fast if yu had cum sooner.' Sez she, 'Air yu a man?' Sez i, 'i think i air, but if yu dowt it yu may address Mrs. A. Ward, Baldinsvilly, Injannuy, postage pade, & she will doubtless give you the requird informashun.' Sez she, 'yu air then what the world calls married?' I said 'yes marm i air.' The eksentrie femall then grabed me by the arm, and sez she in a wild voice, 'yu are mine, O yu are mine!' Scarely, sez i, as i released myself from her injun grasp. She agane clutchid me bi the arm & sed, 'yu air mi affinnerty.' Sez i, 'what on airth is that?' 'Dost thou not know me sez she.' 'No marm,' sez i, 'i dosnat.' Sez she, 'Isen, man, & ile tell ye. Fur years ive yearned fur thee. I knowed thou wust in the world somewheres, altho i knowd not thi name or plase of residence. My hart sed he wood cum & i tuck currige. He has cum—He is hear—yu air him—yu air mi affinnerty!' 'tis two mutch!' & she bust out a cryin. Yea sez i, 'i think it is a darn site two mutch.' Hast thou not yearned fur me? She yelled, ringin her hands like a femalle play actor. Sez i, 'not a yearn.' Bi this time a grate kroud of free lovins had collected around us, & they all kommensed fur to holler 'shame,' 'brute,' 'beast,' etsettery, etsettery. I was jest as mad as a March hair. Sez i, 'yu pack of onery critters 'go way from me and talk this retched wooman along with vu.' My naim is Artemus Ward, & i use in the show business. I pay mi bills and mind mi own 'fairs. I me a married man & mi childern all look like me, if i am a showman. I dont go in fur settin the laws of mi country at defiance. I aint in favur of privateerin nor nothin else illegal. I think yu affinnerty business is cussed nonsense, besides bein outragiously wicked.' I pored 4th mi indignation in this way until i got out of breth, when i stopt. I took down mi tent and shall leave town this evenin. A. WARD."

It is said by the Arabs that "curses like chickens, come home to roost."

The Pith of the President's Message.

Towards almost all foreign nations
Our outlook ain't no ways fast rate;
There's most of our foreign relations
In an unsatisfactory state.
With the Britishers, through our high-mettled
Diplomacy, guess we have got
The right of search question well settled,
The Central American, not.

With Spain we are in a condition
Of which we hain't nothin' to brag;
Her folks in official position
Has insulted our national flag;
Done our citizens one wrong and Cother
In their persons and property too;
And she won't pay our Cuban claims, nuther,
Which is now fourteen years overdue.

Particular I reckon the natur'
Of the sort of relations we bear
To Mexico—not worth a later,
Can't pay if they would—them coons there,
I can only lay one plan afore yo,
By our own from them critters to come;
To drop down on their territory,
And seize for a pledge on a some.

Then there's that air Panama Isthmus;
We must there clear the transit is course,
And, if not exactly this Christmas,
Still, sooner or later, by force.
New Grenada, Nicaragua,
Cesta Rita, have all to pay
For damages done more nor fewer,
And I 'spects we must whip Paraguay.

Peace as is all our labors,
I'm concerned for to mention how ill
Is the terms we are on with our neighbors,
Pretty nigh the whole world but Brazil.
As a pattern of peace, cotton spinners
In the old country quote us, but now
I expect we're a caution to sinners,
With a' most all the world in a row.

Running the Gauntlet.

When he was stripped of his coat and shirt, and placed at the entrance of the terrible street through which he had to pass, he grew pale. Two soldiers went ahead of him; they marched backward, with their bayonets presented to his breast, so as to force him to keep measure with a drum, which brought up the rear. The drum was muffled, its slow and dismal beats sounded like the music of a funeral procession. When he received the first stroke, his features assumed an expression of pain, and his first-set lips quivered slightly. This was, however, the only sign of sensation. Crossing his arms over his breast, and pressing his teeth together, his proud features remained henceforth immovable. His merciless enemies enjoyed but an incomplete triumph after all; they might cut his body to pieces, but his proud and indomitable spirit they could not break. The blows descended with fearful violence upon him; after the first dozen, blood came; but never did he utter one single exclamation of pain; never—not even with a look—did he implore for mercy. An expression of scorn and disdain was deeply set on his face as pale as death. When he had reached at last the left wing of the company, his lacerated back presented a frightful appearance. Even his most exasperated enemies might have been satisfied now; if it had been possible, the commanding officer himself would have interceded in his behalf; but this was not to be thought of; the law must have its course. They faced him right about; he had to make the same way back again. There was one formality connected with this punishment which was a cruel, barbarous shameful mockery; the prisoner had to thank his executioners for his torture. When the victim had arrived at the file leader, at the right wing of his company, and the dreadful execution was over at last, he threw one last long look full of contempt at his tormentors; then he was seen staggering like a drunken man towards the commanding officer. His eyes, swollen with blood, beamed with an unnatural brightness; his respiration was short and painful; touching his head with his right hand, in token of the military salute, he said with a voice that came out of his throat with a rattling sound, but that was, nevertheless, distinctly audible all over the place, "I thank your honor for this exquisite punishment," and fell dead.—Household Words.

AN AFUL SELL that was, when the agent of a Cleveland tomb-stone manufactory, with much trouble, hunted up a man who had "lost his wife." In a subdued voice, he asked the man if he had lost his wife. The man said he had. The agent was very sorry for it, and sympathized with the man very deeply in his great affliction; but death, he said, was an insatiable archer, and shot down all of both high and low degree; informed the man that "what was his loss was her eternal gain, and would be glad to sell him a gravestone to mark the spot where the beloved one slept—marble or common stone—as he chose, at prices defying competition.—The bereaved man said there was "a little difficulty in the way." Haven't you lost your wife?" inquired the agent. "Why, yes, I have," said the man, "but no grave ston ain't necessary; for you see the cussed critter ain't dead; she scooted with another man!" The agent retired.

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San Antonio, July 1, 1858.

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